

VENNERES COUNTY. . . In Court of Probate
Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register.
September 10, 1890.
Mrs. A. A. LITTLE, widow of ARNOLD COOPER,
 late of this county, deceased, having presented her application
 for allowance out of the personal estate of said
 deceased:
 Ordered, That notice thereof be given
 by publication successively, in the Maine Farmer
 and Gardener, printed in Augusta, in said county, at
 the rate of one week each, for the purpose of probat-
 ing the same, on the fourth Monday of October next,
 to be held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of October next,
 any day they may, the prayer of said court,
 on should not be granted.
G. T. STEVENS, Judge.
Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register. 40

VENNERES COUNTY. . . In Probate Court
Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register.
September 10, 1890.
On petition for the appointment of
ADMINISTRATOR OF THE ESTATE OF MARY L. EMBERT, late of said
 county, deceased:
 Ordered, That notice thereof be given
 by publication successively, prior to the probat-
 ing the same, on the fourth Monday of October next,
 to be held at Augusta, in said county, at the rate of
 one week each, for the purpose of probat-
 ing the same, on the fourth Monday of October next,
 any day they may, the prayer of said court,
 on should not be granted.
G. T. STEVENS, Judge.
Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register. 40

VENNERES COUNTY. . . In Probate Court
Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register.
September 10, 1890.
A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, supposed to be
 the last will and testament of MARY L. EMBERT,
 late of this county, deceased, having been presented
 to the Court of Probate, in said county, for probat-
 ing the same, on the fourth Monday of October next,
 to be held at Augusta, in said county, at the rate of
 one week each, for the purpose of probat-
 ing the same, on the fourth Monday of October next,
 any day they may, the prayer of said court,
 on should not be granted.
G. T. STEVENS, Judge.
Attest: W. A. NEWCOMB, Register. 40

REGISTERED AYRSHIRE
FOR SALE
 I bull three years old, 1 bull six months
 old, 1 bull one week old, 1 cow 1 year
 old.
 H. G. GLASS,
 Farmer Parley Farm,
 So. Bridgton, Me.
 4/40

GASOLINE ENGINES,
 for
 sawing,
 for
 Farm Work, etc., etc. Send for
 prices. G. DIRIGO ENGINE
 185 Federal St.

Poultry.



Rose Comb Rhode Island Red Cockerel, owned by House Rock Poultry Farm, Wollaston, Mass.

The dust bath may be made more effective by adding a teaspoonful of carbolic acid mixed with a gill or so of lime. This promotes the destruction of vermin.

If the hen has to work too hard for her food, she has no energies left for egg making. It is a good plan to make her scratch for her food, but there must be food to scratch for.

The record of Mr. Pearson's P. R. hen places her at the head of the whole list of producers. When he gets a flock up to her standard he will have a gold mine in his poultry yard. So much for good stock.

Mr. Geo. Hunton, Readfield, one of the successful chicken raisers of Kennebec county, one who knows how to grow and also how to fit for market, has discarded all varieties save the Buff P. Rocks, finding them excellent for eggs and poultry and that the color of the feathers so closely matches the skin that the pin feathers do not discolor. Some of his chickens dressed for market were beauties.

Miss Grace Elliott Page, a Maine girl, is going to try her fortune raising turkeys in the Philippines. As the weather is very favorable part of the year, and as turkeys only need to have shelter provided for them during the rainy season, she sees no reason why they could not thrive on the Pacific coast as well as along the coast of the Atlantic, and for demand, there is no question about that. An American turkey in the Philippines, a plump yellow-legged Thanksgiving turkey brings its price every time. According to her calculations every turkey will be worth \$5 and the feed will cost almost nothing, as the fowl grow wild and native foods are very cheap. Miss Page took the steamer for the Philippines in March. She took with her a cargo of turkey eggs, two incubators and 100 live hens. Her idea is to divide the labor of hatching the turkeys between the hens and incubators and so bring her turkey farm into the world. After that, all will be plain sailing, as the turkeys will grow up, lay their own eggs, and go on forever perpetuating the turkey family. There have always been turkeys in the Philippines, but such turkeys! Thin and of poor flavor, ill plumaged and under-sized—none such as grace the American board Thanksgiving day.

Getting Ready for Winter.

September is a good month to prepare for the winter season, if you expect to have winter layers, and even if you do not, it will be money in your pocket to make the fowl comfortable during the cold weather. By fixing up the poultry house in good season the hens will not be disturbed after the winter laying season has begun. The most important matter to look after in getting ready for cold weather is to see that the house is large enough, or in other words that you do not try to carry over too many fowl for the size of the building. Make the house tight and warm with a little proper ventilation. Clean out the vermin and give the house a thorough coat of whitewash; kerosene may be used to advantage. Lice won't disappear with the first frost. Renew the nests. And if you have provided some green food and a plan for giving the hens exercise you may depend on some eggs.—American Poultry Advocate.

Best Breeds for Market.

The best kind of a chicken is a plump fowl with a yellow skin, such as the Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte, Light Brahma, Leghorn, or in fact, almost any chicken with light feathers. Stock of this kind dresses out yellow, and always will bring the top of the market. Dark feathered poultry, when dressed out has a dark blue skin, and it always sells at a lower price than light colored stock.

The best breeds of chickens for broilers are Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte, and Light Brahma. The chicks would be hatched in January and February. It is hard to get hens to set in winter and is almost necessary for the farmer to use incubators to raise broilers in time to bring best prices. The incubator on the farm is being brought to more profitable use every year. There is no doubt that the incubator and brooder method of raising chickens is a wonderful improvement on the hen method. It is cheaper and a greater number of fowl can be raised from the same number of eggs. Hens can be made to lay nearly double as many eggs if they are not required

to sit, and it is a good plan to use incubators instead of taking the hens from their work. The incubator is no longer an experiment. There are several first class machines on the market, and no mistake can be made in buying any one of a dozen leading machines, which are guaranteed to give satisfaction. The breed of turkeys raised does not make so much difference as the breed of chicks. Any kind of turkey will bring the market price, if it is plump and fat, although the Bronze seems to be the best all-around breed, and the blooded stock will fatten more quickly and at less expense than the common run of fowl.—P. H. Sprague.

A Communication.

In commenting upon the most excellent showing made by the poultry breeders in the eastern part of the state at the recent Eastern State Fair, the Farmer of Sept. 6 says, "Talk as much as one may, the progress of the poultry industry rests largely upon the winter exhibition. Here is where the enthusiasm of the fancier is awakened. This was very evident as one passed along the array of coops from Calais and vicinity."

The poultry industry is one of the leading occupations of Maine farmers, but not until recently have they become awakened to the fact that it pays better to keep thoroughbred birds than it does to keep the common barn-yard fowl whose ancestry can be traced back to a dozen different breeds in as many years. While the fall shows serve, to a certain degree, their purpose in arousing the interest of poultrymen and stimulating them to greater endeavors in producing really first class birds, they are by no means as beneficial or as satisfactory as the winter show when the fowl are in full plumage and one bird stands on an equality with another. This cannot be said of the fall show where birds in all stages of moult are found.

The writer does not believe that the number of fanciers in Eastern Maine exceeds the number in the western part of the state, nor does he believe they are more enthusiastic in the production of thoroughbred poultry, but some persons, or persons, with the courage of his, or their, convictions have taken the lead in forming a poultry association and for some years past most creditable and successful winter exhibitions have been held in Calais. With a large number of enthusiastic and progressive fanciers living in this section of the state, in whose yards can be found scores upon scores of birds which would be a credit to any exhibition, it seems that the time is now ripe for the formation of a poultry association and for holding an exhibition this coming winter. It only remains for some one to take hold of this matter and push it along.

As Lewiston is centrally located with excellent railroad facilities, and as the coops used at the Maine State Fair can probably be secured at a nominal rental, for a newly formed association would hardly have funds enough the first year to purchase a sufficient supply of cages, why would that not be a good place in which to hold the exhibition? This is a question of considerable importance to the poultry interests of the state, and, as the editor is always interested in lending a helping hand to all enterprises that promote the interests of the farmers and also a poultry enthusiast himself, he will undoubtedly be glad to open the columns of the Farmer for an expression of the fanciers on this subject.

Theories Upon.

A subscriber in the Poultry Monthly recklessly overturns some of the current maxims on poultry raising as follows: "I have been an advocate of dry food for chickens. For brooder chickens I still have great faith in it. But facts are facts, and I wish to state a few facts in this line. A few years ago I began to breed ducks, and ducks demand a soft food. Consequently I found it a saving of time to feed my chickens upon

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased. Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

just such food as I gave my ducks; that is to wet up enough for both ducks and chickens at once, instead of preparing one kind of food for the ducks and a different kind of food for the chickens.

My favorite mixture for ducks consists of one part of shorts, one part of ground beef scraps and two parts of Indian corn meal, to which is added about one handful of fine grit to every quart of grain, the whole being mixed with cold water and fed in a rather damp condition—not exactly sloppy, but not so dry as is generally thought essential for chickens.

The chicks upon which this experiment in feeding was tried, consisted of three broods, divided among three hens and numbering about 50 chickens. They were almost all Bantams—Light and Dark Brahmas, Red Pyle and Black Red Game, Rose Comb Buff and Brown Red Game.

What have been the results? Nearly every chicken has lived, and they have thriven remarkably. It is not uncommon to lose quite a number of chickens from a brood, but the number lost from these three broods has been insignificant—two only, I think having died.

These chickens have been kept in an otherwise unoccupied hen house, divided into three apartments. The hen house is 20 feet long by 9 feet wide. It has three windows—one in each apartment, facing towards the south. The floor is cement covered with sand, put in two years ago and now somewhat foul. The chickens have never been out of this house, and have never tasted a bit of green food.

Here is a set of facts. According to most of our theories these chickens, or the larger part of them, ought to have died. But they refuse to confirm these theories. Incorrectly kept and fed, according to theory, according to fact they have thriven amazingly. Theories are all right, but facts beat theories every time. And these are facts. Let any one draw what lessons he pleases from this experiment, it teaches me the possibility of raising chickens under adverse circumstances, and seems to suggest that while coddled chickens will often do well, they can manage to get along without the coddling. At any rate I am satisfied that even a busy man, who can find time but twice a day, can, if he will, raise chickens successfully.

That Wonderful Hen.

This remarkable hen, the property of Mr. P. A. Pearson of Calais, has been noticed in our columns previously, and to further convince the skeptical, Mr. Pearson writes in regard to her as follows: "The hen has proved herself to be a wonder as an egg-producer. Her record to date is 266 eggs, and she lost 6 days at Bangor fair, where she won 2d prize. She did not lay the week after her return from the fair, and the next week she went to St. John and lost 12 days, but laid the next day after returning home. She has now laid 4 eggs this week (Sept. 27) and has 21 more days to complete a year that she has been laying. What her record will be, I can tell you then, but whatever it is, it is an impossibility, when you take into consideration that she has never been broody and lost no time moulting. That time of course will be taken out of her second year.

I guess if some of those feed cranks, of whom I have so often read in Farm Poultry, had seen the way this hen was fed during Feb., March and April, when her heaviest work was done, they would think I was crazy. I did not give her a teaspoonful of mash for breakfast and four kernels of wheat for dinner and a half tablespoon of corn after dark. I kept her, for want of room in the grain room, where I kept 20 bushels oats, a sack of bran, a bag each of meal, cracked corn and whole corn, 3 or 4 bags of wheat screenings, &c., and there was not a bag in the whole place that she did not have her head into. Besides all that, when I went around the other pens with the warm vegetable mash in the morning I went into the grain room and deposited as much as I did in the other places and they were as eager for it as any. To get eggs from a hen, she wants food and lots of it. There is more money lost on poultry not being fed enough than there is in feeding too much, especially among the beginners who take all their common sense from the poultry press. I believe in feeding and as my business often calls me away in the morning and I do not get back till dark, I give them enough before I go so I do not have to fear that they are suffering for food during my absence.

I am not the only crank on the St. Croix who believes a hen wants plenty to eat; "there are others;" and the boys who feed are the ones who get their pullets to lay in the fall and lots of eggs in winter.

I don't believe in giving a corn meal mash in the morning, cracked corn at noon, and whole corn at night, and follow this up week after week, every day alike; but give them a change same as a man gets and I will risk them.

The Maine Farmer was the only paper which gave me the correct percent of winnings at Bangor. P. A. Pearson, Calais, won 1st and 2d on fowl, and it was credited to P. A. Gleason in all other papers. I am in hopes to meet Mr. Gleason next year.



Horse.

John Carroll of Gardiner, sold his 5-year-old chestnut mare to George Wilshire of Augusta, who bought her for the New York market. This mare was sired by St. Croix, and is a good one.

W. S. Hamlin of Dover, has a black colt that is attracting much attention and for a 3-year-old it is a good one. The colt is after Mallet and a half sister to Lady Pendleton. Mr. Hamlin drives her himself at the track and has shown a fast clip.

The American draft horse has achieved a victory in the world's best markets, as the best horse in the world at the prices, and farmers who have good heavy draft geldings do not have to hunt for a buyer, but the buyers hunt for the horses and pay good prices for the same.

A horseman writes: "I pride myself on the care I give my horses, and I say, keep the currycomb off of them if you desire a fine, glossy coat. The currycomb irritates the skin, creates more dandruff than it cleans out, splits and cuts the hair and makes the coat rough and dull looking. The currycomb is of no use to me except to clean the brush. Brush your horse well, give him a good rubbing with a cloth and you will secure a nice, glossy coat."

The black mare, Lady Pendleton, formerly owned in Foxcroft, now owned in Massachusetts, is making a good showing this season. At Fishdale, Mass., she won a race in straight heats and was taken out of a road cart but a few days before. At Webster, Mass., she dropped the second heat in a race but won the first, third and fourth. Her owner took her out of a double hitch and worked her three miles in 2.25 which indicates that with training she would be very fast.

M. Ryder, Newcastle, has in his stable among other good horses, the following young valuable colts: Yarrum, a year old chestnut stud colt, sired by Merrill 2.10 1/4, dam by Black Star by Blackfoot; this is a large, well built colt, a square trotter, and very promising. Merrilla, a year old filly by Merrill, dam Pet by Oddfellows by Nelson; this beautiful little filly is a natural pacer. Reba M, a 5-year-old bay mare by Merrill, dam by old Gideon, weight 1,050 pounds, height 15-3; Reba M is a square trotter, although never tracked, she is very fast.

A horse dealer at Washington, D. C., was recently brought before a police court on the charge of "re-making" a horse with intent to defraud. He had sold a horse to a negro farmer and, while at pasture, the animal had been soaked in a passing storm. The effect was somewhat peculiar, for patches of his skin began to curl up and peel off. Investigation showed that a number of bald or calloused places on the horse's hide had been skillfully patched with calfskin, making the workman horse look as good as new. The purchaser did not approve of his patchwork horse, and will prosecute the dealer.

Races at Little Rigby.

Wednesday.
2.27 CLASS; TROT OR PACE; FURSE \$100.
Edgemark, Jr., by Edgemark, 1 1 1
Ocho, b. m., 2 1 2
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Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

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OSCAR HOLWAY, Director.
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GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Director.

JOSEPH H. WANLEY, President.
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Editor and Manager.

THURSDAY, OCT. 11, 1900.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
\$1.50 AFTER 3 MONTHS.

THE FAMILY AND HOME NEWSPAPER OF MAINE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
For one inch space, \$2.50 for four in-
sertions and sixty cents for each subsequent
insertion. Classified ads. one cent a word,
each insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.
Mr. T. Brooks Reed is calling on subscribers
in Knox and Lincoln counties.
Mr. A. B. Fitch is calling on subscribers in
Cumberland and Androscoggin counties.
Mr. E. M. Marks is calling on subscribers in
Penobscot county.
Mr. M. E. Hewitt is calling on subscribers in
Hancock county.

Sample copy sent on applica-
tion.
Try the Maine Farmer for one
month.

The story in the Home Department
this week will have an added interest
for our readers from the fact that the
incidents therein related are true. It
is indeed a story from real life.

New Hampshire is to be congrat-
ulated on its 8.5 per cent. gain in popu-
lation during the last decade. The rate
of increase has been steady and the
state is prosperous as are the other
New England states.

Our old friend, Mr. J. W. Clough,
the well known cattle feeder of Hal-
lowell, has purchased the Dudley farm,
one of the many good ones in Read-
field, and from there will be sent the
long strings of sleek cattle which his
annual fairs.

Sagadahoc county fair with large
exhibits and full entries has been
obliged to carry forward on account of
the storm and opportunity will be
given Thursday and Friday for thou-
sands to see this last and one of the
best county fairs of Maine. The ex-
hibits will well repay a visit to Top-
sham.

It is said that the Sultan intends
to pay his little bill which is so long
overdue Uncle Sam, on the installment
plan. The baneful practices of our
western civilization are extending to
the Orient with alarming rapidity.
The Sultan will be going into bank-
ruptcy next, and offering us 10 cents
on a dollar.

It is calculated that the census is
going to cost in the neighborhood of
\$15,000,000, which is just about 20
cents apiece all around. The pauper
bill, however, due largely to the rum-
shop, is about a dollar apiece per year
all around, while the loss to mer-
chants and employees and families by
the rum traffic is more than ten times
larger.

Love will find a way, though it
often takes lots of time in the pro-
cess. Over at Passadunkang, last
week, a couple were married who had
been united half a century ago and
then parted by circumstances over
which they had no control. Now they
have gone to Kansas on a second
honeymoon and intend to grow up
with the country.

A mode of advertising as dreadful
as it is ingenious is reported from a
watering place on the south coast of
England. An enterprising trades-
man, who had noticed how eagerly
people picked up shells, bought in at
small expense a wagon load of mussel
shells, stamped an advertisement on
the inside of each, and scattered them
seductively over the shore.

The Bridgton News makes its bow
this week under a new management.
Our esteemed contemporary, the
Major, has taken to himself a
partner in the business in the
guise of his youngest son, a Bow-
doin graduate and an all-round
good fellow, who intends to make a
name for himself in the journalistic
world. Success to the new partner-
ship!

While New England is harvest-
ing a great crop of apples, the
fruit sections of the middle and
western states are debating as to their
yield. Meeting a large buyer going
West from St. Johnsbury, Vt., to
buy, we found him a little uncertain
as to price, expecting to pay fully \$1
for No. 1s, and not of the opinion
that we should have the large excess
predicted.

The pastors of Gardiner are exhibit-
ing the true fraternal spirit in the
offer to supply for five Sundays the

pulpit of the Universalist church of
that place, made vacant by the death
of Rev. Chas. Nickerson. Who says
that the spirit of true Christianity
is dying out? It is just beginning to
live. The fences are falling down,
and ministers of opposing sects are
looking over into their neighbors'
yards and finding out that they are
not such bad fellows after all.

The farmers of Maine are watch-
ing with deep interest the senatorial
contest in Vermont, hoping for the
success of Hon. Mr. Grout, who, in
the House of Representatives, has
done such valiant service for our dairy
interests. He is the author of the
Grout bill requiring that all forms
of bogus butter go on the market with-
out being colored to imitate the gen-
uine article. He is the kind of a man
we want in the U. S. Senate, for he
is always loyal to our agricultural inter-
ests.

The farmers furnishing milk for
Boston have scored one in the fight
with the contractors and secured one
cent a quart increase. The milk trust
is trying to force out all dealers who
buy from any other source and some
of these men have independence
enough to fight with a good prospect
of winning. Prices for milk are still
altogether too low and the margin be-
tween price paid and realized by the
trust all out of proportion to that paid
the farmers who make the milk. All
that is wanted now is concerted action
by the milk makers.

Free homesteads are no longer
offered in the West, which has drawn
away so many of our Eastern farm-
ers since the war. The farms which
are left from the public lands now
are mostly those which demand irri-
gation to make their cultivation even
possible, to say nothing of profitable.
There must inevitably follow a re-
vival of farming and an increase in
the value of farm lands in the middle
and eastern states, where there is
still money to be made by the agricul-
turalist who is content to work on a
little smaller scale than in the wheat
fields of the west. Come east, young
man.

A case is being tried before the U.
S. court in Boston which is of inter-
est to the farmers of Maine. J. F.
Staples of Surry, and C. W. Wooster
of Hancock, some time ago received
letters from one Henry B. Faver of
Malden, requesting them to ship him
produce and eggs. Mr. Staples made
several shipments, but received no
pay, but promises. Finally he wrote
to the postmaster and city marshal
at Malden, for information, and
learned that Faver was a first class
fraud. An arrest followed, and Mr.
Staples and Mr. Wooster have been
summoned to appear as witnesses.
It is to be hoped that this case will
serve as a warning to others.

The Farmer extends its hearty con-
gratulations to the officers and friends
of the New Hampshire State Agricul-
tural College, over the large class en-
tering in the Agricultural course.
Sixty young men in the two and three
years' courses speak volumes for the
future of New Hampshire farms, and
attest the zeal of the workers. Better
than all is the record of the graduates,
more than 97 per cent. of those who
have gone out from this course in the
past being now actively engaged in
agricultural pursuits. At this college
the dominating thought is the devel-
opment of an agricultural sentiment
and here as elsewhere this always
brings results. Massachusetts also
boasts a larger class than for years,
the result of the same earnest work
of the friend of the farm. We rejoice
in what these institutions are doing.

A Wisconsin farmer has adopted a
plan of advertising in his home paper
which, he declares, has saved him
much valuable time and brought hand-
some returns for the money invested.
He says: "When I am ready to sell
my stuff, I insert a little advertise-
ment in the local papers telling what
I have to sell and if live stock how
many head of each and when they
will be ready to ship, and the result
has been that the buyers are right
after me either personally or by mail,
and naturally I always get the highest
market. If I want to buy a cow, a
steer, a horse, or a dozen of each, I
insert a little advertisement that
costs maybe 50 cents, and instead of
traveling over the country inquiring
of my neighbors who has this or that
for sale, the home newspaper does it
for me at less expense, and those who
have what I want manage to let me
know in some way." Here is a sug-
gestion that might profitably be uti-
lized by thrifty farmers everywhere.

THE GLORY OF THE HILLS.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the
hills from whence cometh my help."
Never have we realized the signifi-
cance of the poetry of this Psalm as
during the past week while riding
through the "Switzerland of the East,"
the mountains of western
Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.
The harvest time has come, and the
frost touch has brought the "glory
of the hills" and up the broad side of
the mountains the bright, rich color
of the maples mingles with the deep
green of the pine and spruce. Nature
has refreshed herself with showers

A New Dress,

New Writers,

New Material.

EVERYTHING the BEST That MONEY CAN PROVIDE.

This is what the Maine Farmer
offers its readers the coming year.
We want 30,000 subscribers.
WILL YOU HELP US? To in-
duce you to try the Maine Farmer
we make this great offer:

We will send you the Farm-
er until January 1, 1901,
for only 25 cts.,

that you may become familiar
with its pages.

It is the HOME, the GRANGE,
the DAIRY, the POULTRY, the
ALL-ROUND FAMILY PAPER,
filled with live, up-to-date, reli-
able news, and clean in every de-
partment. Send for sample copy.

Try the MAINE FARMER for 3 months.

ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR.

See the great premium offer on
page 6.

and the carpet of the earth is green
and fresh. The great shocks of corn
in the fields, with the golden pump-
kins scattered here and there, added
to the beauty of the picture, while all
along the roadsides the trees are bend-
ing low under the load of fruit so rap-
idly coloring for the harvest.

He who rides from Paris up through
Bethel to Gorham, and so on to Gro-
ton Junction, where the opening val-
ley of the Connecticut begins to spread
out before the gaze, will find the
whole scene one to impress with the
majesty and sublimity of New Eng-
land scenery. Mt. Abram vies with
Saddleback as one enters the valley
of the Androscoggin, while peak on
peak lift their heads, and all the while
the grand White Mountain range
overlooks the scene, and those cloud-
capped hills pierce the upper realms.
Not difficult is it to believe that the
angels descend and ascend on these
sun-crowned peaks, silent sentinels,
telling of the power of the Creator,
by whose command the waters of the
great deep were stirred, and hill and
valley formed.

Stretching away across New Hamp-
shire and Vermont, leaving the "White
Hills" behind, the faces of new peaks
open before us, and the harvest colors
perfect the picture until across Lake
Champlain the Adirondacks invite the
traveler. Surely these autumn days
are full of glory and New England is
crowned as no other portion of the
country.

"New England, Oh! New England
There is beauty in thy hills,
New England, Oh! New England,
There is music in thy rills."

LUMBER IN THE PHILIPPINES.

One of the first industries to be de-
veloped in the Philippines, if the
United States decides to fully occupy
the island, will be lumbering. The
timber wealth is remarkable, and al-
though the scarcity of labor and the
difficulty and cost of getting the lum-
ber to market have been a great draw-
back, yet when American industry
and capital take hold of the matter,
that will soon be overcome. There
seems to be almost no limit either in
quantity or quality to the value of the
timber. There are over 50 varieties
of hard wood, most of which are un-
known in the United States; and a
collection of 30 different species of
wood was made a few years ago.
Among the most valuable woods are
ebony, mahogany and sapan wood.
Some varieties are as heavy as iron,
and sink when placed in water, while
others float like a cork. Molave,
which is one of the most valuable of
the hard woods, can furnish logs up to
35 ft. long, and is practically ever-
lasting, being impervious to water,
insects or climate. For ship building,
piers and wharfs it is unequalled. An-
other wood, batianjan, gives logs up
to 40 feet, and is an excellent sub-
stitute for oak. Other hard woods are
used for carriage shafts and wheels,
house decorations and furniture and
one especially which gives logs up to
75 feet, is invaluable for wharfs and
sea pilings, as it is proof against sea
worms. The Yankee trader will not
be long in finding new uses for all
this variety of timber, and a market
will be found in the Orient, if not in
America.

THE WOES OF THE WU.
If it is not a pleasant thing to be a
White Envy in the land of the Yellow
People when the Boxers are up,
life during the past few weeks has
not been altogether a round of pleas-
ure for the Yellow Plenipotentiary in
this land of yellow journals.
The Wu attracted rather more
mawkish attention and were given a
rather greater amount of space than
John L. Sullivan, or Dryfus, or Hob-
son in the heyday of their notoriety.
We learned that Mr. Wu does not
look imposing in a rented bathing
suit, and that he tucks his pigtail
under his jersey when he takes his
dip; that Madame Wu finds the sand
rather hot for her little bare feet; and
that Master Wu does not like re-
porters. If Mr. Wu crossed the street
to the State Department it was good
for a column of persistent rumors
about something or other; when a
little bilge water slopped out from
between the planks of the catboat in
which Mrs. Wu went crabbing, it
combined instantly with the gray
matter of an alert scribe, and made a
dramatic two column story of an es-
cape from drowning; but close sur-
veillance of Master Wu only developed
that, when he played, he did not
play at being Boxers.
Walters questioned Mr. Wu on the
situation in Pekin when they brought
him his eggs; cabmen besought a
little light on the situation while they
took him to and from his hotel. The
mawkish sentimentalists contributed
to his punishment. Puffy old gentle-
men rushed up to him on ferriesboats
to grasp the hand that had grasped
the Empress Dowager's; elderly fe-
males sought to penetrate Madame
Wu's privacy that they might offer
her their sympathy and their tears;
and those that were bailed of seeing
father or mother waylaid Master Wu,
and, gazing at him with moist eyes,
murmured, "Poor boy! Poor boy!
So young, and yet a Chinaman!" Mr.
Wu made no sign, nor did he ask the
State Department for protection, bearing
it all with that Oriental indiffer-
ence to pain or ability to suffer in
silence of which we have been hear-
ing so much. But if it were possible
to divert any of our sympathy from
the Americans who were besieged in
Pekin, it should go to the Chinese
who have been interviewed in Amer-
ica.—The Saturday Evening Post.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

He who passes up the line of the
Grand Trunk and looks out over the
broad acres from Groveton Junction to
No. Stratford realizes that the head
waters of the Connecticut flow through
fertile fields, and that good farmers till
these acres. Green were the fields
last week and bountiful the second
crop of clover, which was being har-
rowed. Butter making and milk pro-
duction must be the leading indus-
tries, for large herds of cows were to
be seen grazing in the meadows.

Somewhat we missed the showing of
young stock, and especially of sheep to
be seen along the farms of Maine.

There can be no question as to the
superiority of "pasture" in this sec-
tion of the state, for the hills were
green and the growth even all along
the way. Sec. Bachelier of the State
Board of Agriculture is also Master of
the State Grange, and there is the
same hearty union in institute work
as in Maine, the sisters vying with
the brothers in providing for the
comfort and pleasure of visitors.
The value of a live local mem-
ber was demonstrated at both
Stratford and Whitefield, the meet-
ings being in charge of Mr. Chas. E.
King, Whitefield, member for Coos
county.

Mr. Chas. E. Hoyt, Sandwich, mem-
ber of the Board, is a good, earnest
speaker, a lover of sheep and prepared
to urge the industry from the stand-
point of experience. Grade ewes, pure
bred males, increase of the flock along
mutton lines, comfortable housing,
generous feeding, thorough care and
selection of grade to suit individual
fancy were the points clearly elabo-
rated.

The study of cow structure was dis-
cussed by the writer and many ques-
tions followed. Prof. Burckett of the
State College, the indefatigable worker
for New Hampshire agriculture, dis-
cussed "Farm Fertility."

"What counts most in this world is
work, hard work, persistent work,
work for a purpose. We must study
how to unlock fertility by tillage
rather than how to add by purchase.
Economy demands the use of what
is abundant and within reach by cul-
tivation. Put in the plow. Let in
the air. Work the soil into physical
condition. Grow clover, build silos,
educate the young along specific lines
of work just as we do our successful
professional men."

Sec. Bachelier spoke for "The Farm
and Grange," indicating what the
grange is doing for the farm and how
necessary that there be complete unity
of purpose. At Whitefield the same
speakers were present and a good au-
dience of practical workers questioned
each one. Here is the great milk con-
densing industry owned by the same
company as at Newport, Me., and we
had the pleasure of spending an hour
with the live Supt., Mr. V. H. Dodge,
and examining the factory. Here the
volume of milk is produced between
April and October, and at New-
port between October and April, the
patrons of our factory be-
lieving that the higher price in
winter gives greater profit, while at
Whitefield the farmers feel that with
their superior pasturage they can
make more by summer production.
We had the pleasure of looking over
the check returns to the Newport
patrons, covering the winter months
of 1899 and 1900, and were pleased
to note the liberal amounts going to
so many of our live farmers in Penob-
scot, Somerset and Waldo counties.
No wonder that section of Maine is
thriving. It was a pleasure to meet
so many of the practical farmers, ac-
tive breeders and live patrons of Coos
county, and we shall wait with pleas-
ant anticipation the opportunity for
a second visit to this fertile section
of the Granite state.

THE WOES OF THE WU.

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White Envy in the land of the Yellow
People when the Boxers are up,
life during the past few weeks has
not been altogether a round of pleas-
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dip; that Madame Wu finds the sand
rather hot for her little bare feet; and
that Master Wu does not like re-
porters. If Mr. Wu crossed the street
to the State Department it was good
for a column of persistent rumors
about something or other; when a
little bilge water slopped out from
between the planks of the catboat in
which Mrs. Wu went crabbing, it
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to divert any of our sympathy from
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Pekin, it should go to the Chinese
who have been interviewed in Amer-
ica.—The Saturday Evening Post.

MAINE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

Farmers' Institutes in Somerset and Waldo
Counties.

Arrangements for the farmers' in-
stitutes to be held next week in Som-
erset and Waldo counties are fully
completed, and the programmes are
as follows:

Grange Hall, North Anson, Mon-
day, Oct. 15.—10.30 A. M., "The Se-
crets of Crop Production," by Sec. B.
W. McKen. 1.30 P. M., "Stock Fod-
ders and Methods of Feeding," by
Prof. Chas. D. Woods of Orono, fol-
lowed by remarks by Sec. McKen.
7.30 P. M., "The Experiment Station
and its Work," by Prof. Woods.

Town Hall, Cornville, Tuesday, Oct.
16.—10.30 A. M., "The Secrets of
Crop Production," by Sec. B. W. Mc-
Ken. 1.30 P. M., "Stock Fodders
and Methods of Feeding," by Prof.
Chas. D. Woods, followed by brief re-
marks on "Green Manuring and Soil
Renovation," by Sec. B. W. McKen.
7.30 P. M., "Progressive Agriculture,"
by Sec. McKen.

Grange Hall, Athens, Tuesday evening,
Oct. 16.—7.30 P. M., lecture on
"The Experiment Station and its
Work," by Prof. Chas. D. Woods.
Grange Hall, Smithfield, Wednes-
day, Oct. 17.—10.30 A. M., "The Se-
crets of Crop Production," by Sec.
B. W. McKen. 1.30 P. M., "Stock
Fodders and Methods of Feeding," by
Prof. Chas. D. Woods. 7.30 P. M.,
"Progressive Agriculture," by Sec.
McKen.

Grange Hall, South Norridgewock,
Wednesday evening, Oct. 17.—7.30
P. M., lecture on "The Experiment
Station and its Work," by Prof. Chas.
D. Woods.

Grange Hall, Fairfield Center, Thurs-
day, Oct. 18.—10.30 A. M., "The Se-
crets of Crop Production," by Sec.
McKen. 1.30 P. M., "Stock Fodders
and Methods of Feeding," by Prof.
Woods. 7.30 P. M., "The Experi-
ment Station and its Work," by Prof.
Woods.

Equity Grange Hall, Bel-
fast, Thursday, Oct. 18.—10.30 A.
M., "Poultry Growing for the Main-
e Farmer," by Prof. G. M. Gowell of
Orono. 1.30 P. M., "Commercial Fer-
tilizers versus Barn Manures," by
Prof. Gowell. 7.30 P. M., "Progres-
sive Agriculture," by Sec. B. W. Mc-
Ken.

Grange Hall, Cambridge, Friday,
Oct. 19.—10.30 A. M., "The Fertility
of the Soil," by Prof. Chas. D. Woods.
1.30 P. M., "Stock Fodders and Meth-
ods of Feeding," by Prof. Woods.
7.30 P. M., "Progressive Agriculture,"
by Sec. McKen. The Babcock
milk tester will be operated during
the day.

Hillsdale Grange Hall, East Thorne-
dike, Friday, Oct. 19.—10.30 A. M.,
"The Secrets of Crop Production," by
Sec. McKen. 1.30 P. M., "Feeding
for Beef and the Dairy," by Prof. G.
M. Gowell.

Grange Hall, Detroit, Saturday,
Oct. 20.—10.30 A. M., "The Secrets
of Crop Production," by Sec. B. W.
McKen. 1.30 P. M., "Stock Fodders
and Methods of Feeding," by Prof.
Chas. D. Woods. 7.30 P. M., "Breed-
ing for Beef and the Dairy," by Prof.
G. M. Gowell.

Grange Hall, Troy, Saturday, Oct.
20.—10.30 A. M., "Drainage and Til-
lage," by Prof. G. M. Gowell. 1.30
P. M., "Stock Fodders," by Sec. B.
W. McKen. 7.30 P. M., "Progres-
sive Agriculture," by Sec. B. W.
McKen.

Augusta, Oct. 8, 1900.

WINTER FRUIT EXHIBITION.

The officers of the State Pomological
Society announce their annual exhibi-
tion and fruit meeting at the Opera
House, Norway, Tuesday and Wednes-
day, Nov. 13 and 14, with a liberal
premium list and most interesting
programme. Oxford county is a live
section of the state and this gather-
ing should be a great success. The
full programme will be announced
later. Rally for this our annual fruit
institute of the year.

CUSHNOC GRANGE FAIR.

A stormy day Saturday necessitated
a postponement of the grange fair at
Riverside and Tuesday, Oct. 16th,
has been fixed as the time for bring-
ing out the exhibits and stock. Here's
hoping the day may be pleasant and
warm for these patrons always have a
good exhibition and work hard to
make it a success.

If you have anything you want
to keep, the advertising columns of the
Farmer have no interest, but if you
would find a purchaser for surplus
stock or produce there is no medium
equal to it and your advertisement
attractively displayed will surely bring
good returns. Purchasers read the
papers and buy of those who advertise.

It was a pleasure while in New
Hampshire to hear the hearty words
of commendation for the good Short-
horns sent there by our enterprising
breeder, Mr. C. P. Woodbury of Lin-
coln. Such stock reflects credit upon
the whole breeding industry of the
state.

The change in the Maine Central
time table is slight but it should be
heeded to save time. This road is
giving the citizens of Maine better
service every year and at lower rates
of travel. Never was the winter ar-
rangement so satisfactory as at the
present time.

The advertising columns of the
Farmer are full of interesting reading
and those who are here represented
are reliable firms. With every indi-
cation of a prosperous winter the pur-
chaser may well consult the columns
of the Farmer for whatever he may
want.

City News.

—There is but little sickness in
town, considering the dry season. It
is quite remarkable that typhoid fever
has not been more prevalent during
the drought of the fall.

—Attention is called to the change
in the running of the Kennebec
steamers, three trips a week instead
of daily being in order now, the boats
leaving the river Tuesdays, Thursdays
and Saturdays.

—With the approach of cold weather
the street corner loafer begins to be
called in, and the ladies who have had
to run the gauntlet of a double row
of this spitting, puffing fraternity during
the summer evenings will now rejoice,
and venture to put a clean binding on
their dress skirts.

—The Women's Exchange has
moved into its new quarters in the
Flynth house, corner Grove and Chan-
delier streets. The Exchange has long
passed the experimental stage and is
a permanent institution in this city,
and one which is much appreciated
by the public.

—The friends of Hon. N. S. Purinton
are offering congratulations on his
appointment to the position of private
secretary to the governor elect, Hon.
J. F. Hill. Mr. Purinton's long expe-
rience in the executive department
renders his appointment particularly
satisfactory to all.

—Commercial street is being much
improved. A better system of drain-
age will prevent the water from back-
ing into the store cellars, and the
grade has also been lowered. An old
stump was found by the workmen at
least 5 feet below the recent level of
the street, showing that without
doubt that region was made land.

—The F. G. Kinsman Co. drug
store in this city has changed hands,
having been purchased by Percy W.
Means of Bath, who will take pos-
session in a few days. Mr. Means is a
Augusta boy, having formerly been
employed in the stores of Bowditch &
Webster and Devine & Coughlins.
He is at present in the employ of A.
Hallett & Co., Bath. Mr. Kinsman
will give time to the increasing
business of the Capital Drug Co.

—Evidently the officers have com-
menced an enforcement of the law
against liquor selling with a view to
making thorough work. This must
be the case, else prosecution becomes
persecution, a public sentiment re-
acts. There is no question as to the
purpose of the law or the prevailing
sentiment of the people. Give us a
fair, full, thorough enforcement, with-
out friends or favor, and the citizens
of Augusta will sustain the officers.

—Plans are being made for the im-
provement of Winthrop street which
will greatly add to the attractiveness
of what is now one of the prettiest
streets in the city. On either side
will be a 10-foot sidewalk, and be-
tween that and the roadway a 20-foot
grass plot. A cobblestone ditch will
be constructed on each side for carry-
ing off the water. While the business
of improving and beautifying our
streets is going on, it would be an ex-
cellent idea to pay a little attention
to Green street, so that it might at
least be safe for travelers. Beauty
is a secondary consideration to safety
in the mind of the average citizen.

NORTH WALDO FAIR.

The North Waldo Fair held at Uni-
ty Oct. 3-4, was a successful one. The
attendance was estimated to be the
largest of any fair held on these
grounds. The cattle exhibit was lar-
ger than for several years. In the
horse department those shown for
premiums were not up to last year in
numbers, but the racing was good and
furnished some excellent sport. The
farmers' race afforded the most fun,
there being 13 starters out of 22 en-
tries. John M., bay gelding, by Mes-
senger Wilkes, owned by Anson Shi-
bles, Knox, seemed to have the most
speed and walked under the wire in
the first heat in 2.59. In the second,
Susie Pickering, a handsome bay
mare, by Pickering, made it a little
more interesting for John, but he had
no trouble in winning the next heat
and race. He is a good-looking horse,
stands 15.5 hands high and weighs
1,050 pounds, and can show 40 or bet-
ter to the road. The summaries of
the races follow:

A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Copyright, 1900, by R. F. Fenno & Co.

"Heavily, Captain Wood, I am at a loss to understand this most idiotic proceeding," she went on, with great stentorianity, "something must have happened."

"It has—something most strange and surprising. I have been looking for you the whole day, in the park, at the opera, at Mrs. Collingham Smith's, to tell you that—that—Do you remember once saying that you felt perfectly safe with me?"

"I withdraw it altogether. I now believe firmly that you are a dangerous lunatic, and I will ask you, please, to take me back to mother." She half rose from her seat.

"Stay—you used to say that there could be no nonsense between us; that I was only a pauper, a harmless, in-

I had barely lighted a cigar and leaned back to ponder over the many surprising and mainly pleasurable events of the day, when I realized that the cab was taking the wrong direction. For, some strange and incomprehensible reason, the driver had turned round and was heading westward.

"Here, hi, hi!" I shouted, lifting the flap. "Where are you going?" "What's up?" answered the cabby insolently, as he pulled up short. "Think I don't know my way about? Stow it, or—"

The alternative I never heard, for at that moment two men jumped up at the front of the cab and opening the doors threw themselves upon me. Their weight alone would have sufficed to overpower me, to silence me, and crush out all resistance. I could do no more than give voice to one frantic yell for help, for now the strong, pungent smell of chloroform under my nostrils and the vain struggle I made with fast increasing torpor told plainly that they had called in another dread ally, and that I was absolutely helpless in their hands.

CHAPTER V.

FROM SAULT J. SNUYER OF MESSRS. SARABAND & SONS, NEW YORK CITY AND CHICAGO.

In my earnest desire to further the wishes and interests of your firm I visited the gentleman named in your last pleasure and put before him, briefly and with much circumspection, the reasons why he should secure the services of Messrs. Saraband & Sons. Captain Wood did not respond very cordially to my proposal, which he guessed was not serious. It is my settled conviction now that he would give the earth to reconsider that hasty and mistaken reply.

I shadowed him the evening of the first day, now just 48 hours ago, following him to the Hyde park, to his club, to his house. In Hyde park only one person spoke to Mr. Wood. I knew him by sight and name, a half American, Jimmy Lawford, having crossed with him once in the same Cunarder and taken a hand in the same game of poker in the smoking saloon. He passed then as an ocean

drummer, although some said he was engaged in the secret service of the federal government. Now, I take it, he is just loafing around—just the sort of chap to be in this crowd against Wood.

"Do not hear what he said to Wood, but when leaving by the park gates I noticed Jimmy in close talk with a hansom cab man who had got off his perch and was very particular to hear what Lawford said."

"I only caught the last word or two: 'Any time tonight or tomorrow night. You'll get the office; mind you're on the quee wee.'"

I shadowed the captain all that blessed night, to the opera, out west, to several parties, and spoke to him, or rather he spoke me, roughly, too, at the door of a house in Prince's Gate, when he was seeing two ladies to their carriage. That was not quite the last of him, for somewhere near Knightsbridge he was picked up by a cab, and next thing it comes back, ten miles an hour, cabby standing up and flogging his horse like mad. It was so near daylight that I got a view inside the hansom as it passed me full tilt. I caught sight in that short moment of a mass of people inside the cab, two or more men struggling and fighting with some one underneath them.

Of course Captain Wood was being kidnapped and carried off. I reckoned that up on the spot, and gathered myself together then and there to give chase to the cab. I followed it steadily

"They shall be yours. I will make them all over to you at once. I do not care for them one bit, except that they give me the right to ask you for this."

I took her gloved hand and kissed it, but she herself, turning her blushing face up to mine, offered me her lips.

When I left Prince's Gate I seemed to tread an air. We had been among the last. Frida and I had lingered on among the azaleas till Mrs. Fairholme's patience was fairly exhausted and she came herself to end the tete-tete. I think she saw enough in our

conscious faces to comfort her with the hope that the pair of her chaperonage were approaching their trouble, and she heartily endorsed Frida's invitation to come to lunch, and come early.

Then I saw them into their carriage, refusing their proffered seat, for I wished to be alone with my new found happiness.

The night was fine, the air soft, under the pale sky, for dawn was near at hand, and I stepped out gayly, with all the buoyancy of one with whom the world went well.

I was brought up shortly and sharply to the realities of life by running up plump against my "shadow." The man who had stuck to my heels so pertinaciously all the evening was still on the watch.

But he was not lurking in the recesses of a house porch. I met him face to face upon the pavement, and he could not escape me.

"Look here, my fine fellow," I cried, tackling him at once, "he has gone a little too far. Take yourself off, now, or I shall give you in charge. Come—walk."

Then I caught sight of his face under the gas lamp and instantly recognized it.

"What, you, Mr. Snuyser?" I laughed aloud. "Upon my word, I am infinitely obliged to you. But really you might have saved yourself the trouble. And—pardon my saying so—I don't think you do it very well."

He would not own up at all. "Easy, gun'or, easy," he answered, with a well assumed snuffing voice. "What are you a-driving at? I've as good a right to be 'ere as you ever. Wo's amuse?"

"I tell you plainly, Mr. Snuyser, it won't do," I continued. "I don't want you, and I won't have you dogging my footsteps wherever I go. It's not the way to get round me, and you'll have to drop it. Begin at once. Go your own road—that way—and I'll take this."

I pointed him down the Exhibition road, and I myself turned into Knightsbridge, and walking eastward, half disposed to do the whole distance on foot. But a hansom came up out of some-where, a mews, or a side street, or overtook me on the road, and the driver, after the custom of his class, began at once to pester me with, "Cab! Cab, sir! Cab!" pulling up to my pace, and sticking to me most pertinaciously.

At last, out of sheer disgust, and to end his importunity, I jumped into the cab and gave my address in Clarges street.



Theodore Roosevelt,

STATESMAN, HISTORIAN, ECONOMIST, AUTHOR AND SOLDIER, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, AND CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The FARMER'S Great Book Offer.

The MAINE FARMER, in order that its readers may obtain a fine library edition of Governor Roosevelt's writings, at a nominal price, has arranged with its publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, to obtain from them a limited edition to be sold for \$7.50 a set in cloth binding, instead of \$24.50, the price which has heretofore prevailed. This edition is to be sold to newspaper readers only in sets of fifteen volumes for \$7.50, or in single volumes for 50 CENTS A COPY. It is also arranged for a limited number of copies to be bound in paper covers, with untrimmed edges. In this form they will be sold for the almost nominal price of \$3.75 for the set of fifteen volumes, or in single volumes for 25 cents a copy. The Messrs. Putnam's well-known and well deserved reputation as makers of fine books, renders a further description of this beautiful edition unnecessary. It may be stated, however, that amongst the illustrations will be found three separate portraits of Governor Roosevelt, as hunter, soldier, and in civilian dress, and that Gen. Francis Vinton Greene has written a biographical sketch of Governor Roosevelt which will appear in this edition only.

REMEMBER the price heretofore, in cloth binding, cheapest edition, has been \$24.50, and in finer binding up to \$100 a set, at which many copies have been sold. The present low price of 25 cents a volume, or \$3.75 for the set in paper covers, and 50 cents a volume, or \$7.50 a set in cloth binding, has been made with Governor Roosevelt's approval, to enable all his friends and admirers (and they are legion), as well as his opponents who are honest in their desire to know him as he is, to secure the complete set of these works at a moderate price. They will form a permanent and valuable addition to every library. The edition is limited and after the newspapers have made the distribution to their readers the regular price of \$24.50 a set will prevail. Therefore delay in ordering now may lead to disappointment.

A long road of detached villa houses, each in its own garden, many with stables adjoining. I figured it out, as I walked up and down this road twice, that one of these cottages was just suited for the purpose of sequestering Captain Wood, if he could be got to it. He could be driven straight into the stable yard; the cab would be no more seen when the coach house door closed behind him, and no one, neither the neighbors nor the police, would be a bit the wiser as to what mischief was being worked inside.

It took me just two hours to examine the entrance gates of every villa house with stables in that road. In three of them there were the new tracks of wheels marked plainly in the thick lying summer dust. I could not discover which were the most recent, but I carefully noted the numbers of these houses, meaning to put a watch upon them all.

I called up the boy Joseph Valls, a very smart young squire, too, from the office in Norfolk street, as soon as I could get a telegram through. By the time he arrived I had narrowed my investigations to a single point for further observation.

The day had so far advanced that the business of life was well begun. I saw the blinds drawn up in two of the houses, the front doors opened, the women being busy shaking the mats and washing down the stoops. Presently some of the young folks ran out into the gardens, and I could see the family gatherings round the breakfast tables, from which on the early morning air came the smell of hot coffee and English breakfast bacon, with the temptation of Tantalus for a starving man who had been out all night. All this while the third house remained closed, hermetically sealed. It was closed up, tight shut, not a sign of life in it. When I reached my lodgings in Norfolk street I was pretty well washed out. But I turned in for an hour and at 10 a. m. woke much refreshed. As I dressed with care I pondered deeply over this business and the course that I should adopt. My first and most urgent duty was to secure the release of Mr. Wood, always supposing that my gentleman was the person actually carried off in the cab. At present I had no certainty of this, a bit more than strong suspicion. Yet if I could ascertain that he had not returned home I should be justified in taking surmise for fact.

First I went to Clarges street. The man there remembered me, but looked strangely when I inquired for Captain Wood.

"You have not heard the news, then?" he said.

"What in thunder is there to hear more than I have to tell you?" I asked, nettled at thinking some one was before me.

"Why, that the captain has met with an accident. He slipped up somehow last night or early this morning and hurt himself badly."

"Who told you that story? Do you believe it?"

"I believe the captain's own hand-writing."

"What did he say exactly?" I was quite taken aback, as you may suppose, but did not want to show it too much.

"Here, read it for yourself. It's not all his own, of course, and you will understand why. But that's his name at the bottom there good enough."

It was written on good gray note paper in a fair running hand, and it said:

Savory, I've come to grief driving home. I slipped upon the curb, and I was thrown out of the cab. Some kind people picked me up and took good care of me. But I shan't be able to move hand or foot for some days. Send me by bearer portmanteau of letters—shirts, dressing gown, dittoes, checkbook, things, papers and the rest. Yours, W. W. Wood.

27A Laburnum street, Harrow Road.

"And you sent them? How?"

"By the cab that brought the letter."

"Why didn't you go with them yourself?"

"I thought of it certainly, and I wish I had."

"You may well wish that. And now, if you will be guided by me, you'll go and find out 27A Laburnum street."

right away, if there's any such place at all."

"Oh, but there is. It's in the direct-ory."

"Is that so? Well, if you come across Mr. Wood there I'll run you for next president of the United States. You've got just the face for a postage stamp."

"What in the name of conscience d'ye mean? What's appened to him, then?"

"It's my opinion that Captain Wood has fallen among thieves, brigands, worse—ruffians, who'll hold him to ransom for blackmail, rob, murder him, God knows what, unless some of us can circumvent their blackguard maneuvers. And I am going to try. I don't believe in cab accidents and Laburnum streets. You may, so you'd better go and judge for yourself."

But he was not going to find him in Laburnum street. I was pretty sure of that, but it was right to look there on the off chance that this story was true. For myself I was more than ever persuaded of foul play, and I considered I was bound to lay the whole matter before the London police.

I was not very well received at Scotland Yard. They told me to get proper credentials, a certificate from the American consul. I was terribly sorry, but not to waste time I took a cab straight to Great St. Helen's, where of course I was perfectly well known. One of the senior clerks came to me directly.

"What can we do for you, Mr. Snuyser? Want an introduction to the metropolitan police? Why, certainly. Reckon it's no use asking what you're after? Big case?"

He was a friend and had often given me information in a small way. I thought perhaps he might help me now, for I'd heard from you they were mostly Americans working this conspiracy, and it was likely enough they'd know at the consulate whether any big 'toughs' and 'bunko men' were in London just then.

"It's something to do with the Mc-Faught millions," I said. "You've heard, no doubt, of that young Englishman's luck?"

"Why, yes. He was here this very morning, only an hour ago." It was then about 1 o'clock. "Captain William Aretas Wood they called him. Is he your client?"

"It hit me like a blow, this news, for I saw at once what it meant. Captain Wood could not be lying injured in a street off the Harrow road and walking about Great St. Helen's. I wanted no more proof of foul play."

"We are acting for Captain Wood. Case of attempted fraud. They've soon found he's fair game. But what brought him here, if I may ask?"

"Some question of legal powers. Granting authority to representatives in New York, assigning certain properties by deed to trustees. Legal business. The law, you know, requires the signature to be given in the presence of the United States consul."

"You saw Captain Wood, did you, yourself?"

"Why, certainly. A man worth millions. He interested us all. Took it quietly enough, though. Rather ordinary sort of sportsman. Tall enough, but not about him. For so rich a man he went very plainly dressed—only a Derby hat and a business suit."

"Handsome young man, eh? Tall, fair, holds himself well?" I suggested.

"Why, no. Rather mean, I should say. Fair, yes; thickset, coarse looking, but I had no talk with him. He and his friends were in the inner room with the consul himself."

"I suppose so, but he might have found better. There was that Lawford. Jimmy they call him. I don't know much about him. No good anyway. And there was Colonel McQuay, who ran the Cyclostoma swindle out west, and a little black faced Spanish chap who looked hungry enough to eat him, clothes and all. If you're a friend of Captain Wood's, Snuyser, I'd warn him against being too thick with that crowd."

"Warn him?" I said to myself as I walked away from the consulate. "If he'd listened to me, he would have never got into this fix."

Much as I had been surprised by the promptitude with which these unscrupulous foes had got him into their toils I was now amazed with the breadth, the boldness of their scheme. It was as clear to me as if I had seen it all in print. To seize, sequester, securely hold their prisoner, with heaven knows what added ill usage—it might be a question of life and death with Captain Wood. Anything and everything that is likely to help us must be made use of. I stand on that, and here goes."

But just as I was about to open the letter we were interrupted by the arrival of a tall, military looking gentleman, with a fierce face and a very bearing, overbearing manner. We were standing in the hallway, the man Savory and I, for although he knew what my business was he did not trust me enough to let me go up stairs. The front door was just ajar, he inside and I still on the stoop, when this high-falutin, masterful sort of gentleman came up and said to both of us:

"Is this where Captain Wood lives? Look sharp. I want to know."

There was a shortness in his tone and manner which, being a free born American, I could not stomach at all. He might have been a slave driver talking to black Africans, and I looked at him in a way to warn him not to raise my dander.

"Come, speak out. Which is the man of the house? Is Captain Wood in? I must see him at once. I am Sir Charles Collingham."

At this Savory bowed low. They are a mean, lickspittle lot, these Britishers, when there's any talk of titles or big toads in their puddles.

"Yes, yes, Sir Charles; quite so. I know you now. But Captain Wood is not in."

"Where shall I find him? I must see him at once. It is a matter of duty. Where is he?"

"That's just what we want to know," I put in. "It puzzles us entirely. He has got into some mess somewhere, and we can't tell for certain what has happened to him or where to find him."

"And who the devil are you, pray?" asked my gentleman insolently. "And what in heaven's name have you to do with Captain Wood? You are an American, I perceive."

"Waal, that's so, and what difference does that make? Ain't I good enough to know Captain Wood or for you to talk to?" He had pretty well raised my dander this time.

"Pshaw! I've nothing to say to you. I don't know you, and I don't want to know you, and you may go to the devil your own road as soon as you please."

And without waiting for more he brushed past me, pushing Savory aside and saying:

"I must go up to his rooms. There are some papers up there I want. Show the way, please," and he ran up stairs.

Of course I followed. I was as much concerned about Captain Wood as he was. Besides, I felt it due to my self respect and position as one of your most trusted agents to call this overbearing Britisher to account, and they need watching—take the Thrice-A-Week World. If you want to know all foreign developments, take the Thrice-A-Week World.

The Thrice-A-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Maine Farmer together one year for \$1.65.

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15-Vol. III. The Wilderness Hunter.	8-Vol. X. The Winning of the West. Part III. The War in the Northwest.
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Home Department.

MY NEIGHBOR.

Who is my neighbor, Lord? Not only he whose threshold lies hard by my own; My neighbor is not he alone whose life with mine moves in equality. Not only those in wounds or poverty, But oftentimes those aloof in wealth. And often revelers in health Have unseen heartaches craving sympathy.

Wherever there is opportunity To serve a fellow creature's need, What's his place or rank or creed, There let me do Christ's gracious ministry. —Albert B. Carnes.

A Black-eyed Rebel.

In February, 1866, I was detailed by Gen. Gilmore to go to a city in South Carolina, and there relieve a quartermaster, who was returning to his home in the North. The city I will not name, but it bore the reputation of being one of the most lawless in the whole South, and a large force of troops were still stationed there. It was with many misgivings that I started with only one man that I had ever seen before, Quarter Master Sergeant Austin, a true and trusted friend in whom I had implicit confidence.

On my arrival in the city I was immediately taken with chills and fever and confined to my room for five days, during which time I was obliged to receipt for over \$70,000 worth of government property which I had never seen, depending wholly upon my trusted Sergeant, and while I had perfect faith in him, I had grave and unaccountable fears that all was not right.

One day Austin came into my room with a flushed face and annoyed expression, saying: "You must come out to the office to-morrow, Lieut. Story, if possible."

"Is anything wrong?" I asked anxiously.

"I don't know sir," he answered, "but I have promised a black-eyed rebel the privilege of stating her grievances to you in person, if you can possibly get to the office."

"A woman!" I cried in dismay.

"Scarce a woman in years," replied Austin, "yet one of the prettiest and most independent young ladies I ever saw."

I was prepared for almost any incident that might come, in transacting business with the men of that city but I had not anticipated dealing with pretty Southern girls, and the prospect had no charms for one of my mature years.

The next morning I was glad to be able to get to my desk, and upon investigation I soon became aware that I had receipted for a vast amount of stolen property. The officer that I had relieved was an unscrupulous man who had, at one time, been confined in a rebel prison here, and had used his position as a military officer to carry on a high handed robbery, probably from feelings of revenge as well as for the pecuniary gain he expected.

He had stolen all the horses and mules he could from the citizens in the vicinity and intended selling them at auction, but Gen. Gilmore had relieved him too quickly and he had to turn them over to me as government property.

He had hired buildings for store houses and for the troops, agreeing to pay enormous rentals, and had given government vouchers, which he never took up on his papers, so they were worthless. It was almost impossible for me to procure the buildings necessary for our immediate use. Forage for the horses was only procured by paying exorbitant prices. I felt my position under these circumstances a very undesirable one.

Part of this stolen property had been advertised with some condemned government horses to be sold at auction. The day of the sale was close at hand. I knew Gen. Gilmore would order all the stolen property returned, yet I could not hope for his instructions in time to prevent the sale.

I had almost forgotten that Austin had made an appointment for me, when our fair lady appeared at the open door.

She was a perfect picture, as she stood under the sun full upon her, and made her black hair still more brilliant. She raised her black eyes to me in questioning gaze, and said, "Am I addressing Lieut. James Story?" I assured her she was, and offered her a chair. "Thank you sir, I prefer to stand; it is business, not pastime or pleasure that calls me into your presence."

My sergeant who was seated at his desk in the same room, smiled at this rebuff. A cloud rested on her brow and as she took one step nearer me and laid a white hand on

the desk, I saw a gleam of light in her eyes, and she said, "I have a proposition to make to you, Lieut. Story. I will give you my horse and mules, and I will give you my vouchers, which are worthless, in exchange for your government property. I will give you my horse and mules, and I will give you my vouchers, which are worthless, in exchange for your government property. I will give you my horse and mules, and I will give you my vouchers, which are worthless, in exchange for your government property."

